Night
The sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine,
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine;
The moon like a flower,
In heavens high bower;
With silent delight,
Sits and smiles on the night.
Farewell green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.
They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are covered warm;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm:
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.